Dut. Thy life anſwer?

Enter Servant with Boots.

Yor. Bring my Boots, I will unto the King.

Dut. Strike him *Aumerle.* Poore boy, thou art amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, never more come in my ſight.

Yor. Give me my Boots I ſay.

Dut. Why *Yorke*, what wilt thou doe?
Wilt thou not hide the treſpaſſe of thine owne?
Have we more ſonnes? Or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunke up with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire ſonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?

Yor. Thou fond and mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conſpiracy?
A dozen of them here have tane the Sacrament,
And enterchangeably ſet downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.

Dut. He ſhall be none:
Wee'l keepe him here: then what is that to him:

Yor. Away fond woman: were he twenty times my ſonne, I would appeach him.

Dut. Hadſt thou groan'd for him, as I have done,
Thou wouldeſt be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou do'ſt ſuſpect
That I have beene diſlovall to thy bed,
And that he is a baſtard, not thy ſonne:
Sweet *Yorke*, ſweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee, as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I love him.

Yor. Make way, unruly woman. *Exit.*

Dut. After *Aumerle.* Mount thee upon his Horſe,
Spurre poſt, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon, ere he doe accuſe thee,
Ile not be long behinde: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as Yorke:
And never will I riſe up from the ground,

Till

Till *Bullingbrooke* have pardon'd thee: Away, be gone.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percy, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my unthrifty ſonne?
'Tis full three monthes ſince I did ſee him laſt.
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he:
I would to heaven (my Lords) he might be found,
Enquire at London, 'mongſt the Tavernes there:
For there (they ſay) he daily doth frequent,
With un-reſtrained looſe Companions,
Even ſuch (they ſay) as ſtand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our watch, and beate our paſſengers,
Which he (young wanton, and effeminate Boy)
Takes on the poynt of honour, to ſupport
So diſſolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, ſome two dayes ſince I ſaw the Pri
And told him of theſe triumphes held at Oxford.

Bul. And what ſayd the Gallant?

Per. His anſwer was, he would unto the ſtewes,
And from the common'ſt creature plucke a glove
And weare it as a favour, and with that
He would unhorſe the luſtieſt challenger.

Bul. As diſſolute as deſp'rate, yet through both,
I ſee ſome ſparks of better hope: which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes here?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bul. What meanes my Coſin, that he ſtares
And lookes ſo wildely?

Aum. God ſave your Grace, I doe beſeech your
To have ſome conference with your Grace alone.

Bul. Withdraw your ſelves, and leave us here alone
What is the the matter with our Coſin now?

A